A Chapter on Cows.

Farmers strive to raise or buy the best of cows. Probably not one in five hundred will make, on flush pasture, ten pounds of butter a week; and three hundred pounds of cheese in six months, or one hundred pounds of butter for the same time, is more than the average. I had a large rough cow that made twelve pounds of butter a week and held on well to her milk; she was very well marked, according to the French rule, and a huge feeder. A large, pale, white and red cow, with large neck, head and horns, made nine pounds a week, but we did not think her so good as cows that made seven pounds, and held on to their milk better. An ordinary-sized cow made nine pounds a week, but soon shrunk in milk. A fine grade cow made ten pounds, and held out well. Of cows I have seen, a small, sleek-coated cow made ten pounds in a week; a handsome cow made fourteen pounds—a very busy feeder; a large, rough cow made seventeen pounds; a large, fat Durham, with the best of pasture and all the feed she could eat, was claimed to make twenty pounds a week; a large, ordinary-looking cow made fourteen pounds, but she went dry long. We tried all the cows we ever had, here and in Eastern Pennsylvania. A handsome young cow made three pounds of butter in a week; a scallawag made six pounds. We tried three cows lately—in March. A handsome cow made two and one-half pounds a week; it took thirty-six pounds of her milk for one of butter. A white cow, with thick neck and large horns, also made two and one-half pounds; it took twenty-six pounds of her milk for one of butter—these were farrow cows. A broad and fresh cow made ten pounds in six days. So it would seem best to buy and raise cows that would make good beeves and try them, retaining only the good milkers. A good time to buy a cow is four or five months previous to her calving. Sit down and milk her; note the quantity and quality of the milk; get some of the milk and see what cream rises.

From forty years' experience with cows; from all I could learn from others; from seeing most of the remarkable cows I could hear of, it seems thus about them: A cow should have a good constitution; to have this she can't be too broad on the back, and full back of the forelegs; then the broader over the loins and to the tail the better, and as straight down behind as you can get; in short, a cow that will make a good beef, for this is what she comes to. Then, if you can have the head and neck smaller, milk-veins large, horn small and green, and be well marked in the escutcheon, and sleek-coated, all the better; but these latter points are not essential to a good cow, as experience has abundantly proved. Cows in their native condition give but little milk, and only for a few months in the year. But with domestic cows, trained from young heifers to give most milk, and to hold on; bred from the best milkers, and stimulated through life to give the most milk; why those that make the best use of what they use, in accumulating flesh, should be most profitable, when that propensity is diverted to producing milk. But only experience can test a cow. To have cows come up to be milked, give them a little salt each time; keep them hungry for it. Have well-bedded and very open stables in summer. Fasten the cows in their stalls by a light rail fastened behind them. We have straw around our cows and close to their backs. Keep them as close as possible in cold weather; and well ventilated as possible in warm weather; we leave them in in winter except when they go to water. Our cows, without grain, are as fat in spring as in fall, and we milk them until six weeks of calving.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

A Wagonload of Dollars.

The vaults of the sub-Treasury are over-stocked with silver, and General Edwards, a couple of days ago, determined to move a portion of his stock to the Safe Deposit Company. Accordingly, about two o'clock yesterday afternoon, an express wagon backed up in front of the main entrance to the insurance building, and three officers, detailed for the service, took position near it. A gang of colored laborers with hand-barrows, were then put into service, and, for a half hour, they passed in and out, carrying at each trip one or two white duck bags, on whose surface were plainly outlined the big silver dollars which formed the contents. Each bag contained about one thousand of the coins, and two of the bags were about as much as any one man was capable of carrying. The line of carriers were under surveillance of detectives from the moment they took up their loads at the door of the vaults on the main floor, until they deposited them on the rear end of the wagon, where two clerks were keeping tally. Quite a crowd collected to witness this great volume of precious metal, and many of the expressions of the darkies and of the passers-by were amusing. When ninety sacks had been loaded into the wagon, representing ninety thousand dollars, the big springs were very much flattened and the vehicle creaked.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—The practice of running hay through a hay-cutter and reducing it to as short pieces as possible, and then mixing with corn and sending to an ordinary grist-mill to be ground into provender for poultry, has been followed for several years by certain breeders with good results.

—Small doses of salt will check hemorrhage of the lungs or stomach.

The Spoopendykes Play Poker.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, shuffling the cards and dividing the checkers into two even piles; "suppose we play a little game of poker. Do you know how to play poker?"

"I guess so, replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, hitching up her chair and dusting the top of the table with a towel.

"Now, how many cards do you want?"

"Let me think," fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Let's see. I believe I'll take ten."

"Better take a gross!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing her wrathfully. "Perhaps you'd like half a barrel! Don't you know you can't draw but five? If you've got any bad cards throw 'em away and I'll give you more for 'em. If your cards are all good you can stand pat. Do you want to stand pat?"

"I guess so," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke, helplessly. "If I stand pat, do I play the eight or the queen?"

"You don't play either," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, helping himself to five cards and drawing a couple of kings. "Now, it's my bet. I bet two; what do you bet?"

"Then I bet two," answered Mrs. Spoopendyke, brightening up as she began to see her way clear. I bet a queen and an eight," and she laid them down with confidence.

"That calls my hand," said Mr. Spoopendyke, gleefully, "only you don't bet your cards; you bet your checkers. Put in two checkers and show your cards."

Mrs. Spoopendyke shoved her checkers into the middle of the table and laid down three eights and a pair of queens.

"Where'd you get 'em?" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, recognizing his defeat. "What'd ye want to keep talking about the three of eights and two of queens? Why didn't you tell me you had a full hand?"

"You gave 'em to me," returned Mrs. Spoopendyke, dolefully. "I only had those five. What does it do?"

"It makes a jack pot!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, seeing a chance for himself in his wife's utter ignorance of the game. "Now we've each got to put in one checker, just because you played in that way."

"I'm sorry, dear," cooed Mrs. Spoopendyk, rather pleased with the idea of getting out of the scrape at any expense. "And yet I might have known it would have made it a jack pot if I had stopped to think!"

"When you stop to think, you only want a stick of chewing-gum and a rat-trap to be a female seminary! Do you know what a jack pot is? Got some kind of a notion that it has three legs and is used to cook mush in, haven't ye? Well, it isn't, and it isn't to sit there and grin at, either! It takes a pair of jacks, or something as good as them, to open it. Now, take these cards and tell me whether you open it or not!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke examined her cards critically.

"What have you got?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke.

His wife laid down four aces and a jack.

Mr. Spoopendyke glanced at the hand and then at his own cards. His ace was only the joker, which he had forgotten to remove from the pack.

"Which opens it?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, watching the gathering storm with some trepidation.

"Nothing opens it!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, dashing his cards to the floor. "With your way of playing it, it would take a steam oyster knife to open it! How'd ye think it was opened—with a night key? Got an idea that it had hinges, haven't ye, and opens widest when it has nothing to say, like your mouth?"

"Must I bet my last cent now?" faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke, profoundly impressed with the idea that the game was still going on. "I've got four dollars, but I want one for wiggin. Shall I bet the other three?"

"Bet 'em!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, who, like a great many men, regarded the idea of his wife beating him at anything as something intolerably blasphemous. "Why don't ye bet? Bring forth the speculative three dollars and hazard it on the four triumphant aces! Wah-h-h-h-!" and the conclusion of Mr. Spoopendyke's speech flew out of him too fast for perfect enunciation.

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she wound the clock and stood scratching her nose with the key, "he told me that four aces were as good as the jack pot, and when I opened it he said I was wrong. Another time I'll put them in my pocket, and he can play away at that jack pot until he's bald before I'll help him get it open!"

And with this riotous determination, Mrs. Spoopendyke crawled into bed and dreamed that she had got caught in a jack pot with a spring lock to it, and couldn't get out because she had left the four aces in the pocket of her new plum-colored silk.—*Drake's Magazine.*

—According to the last census there are 3,000 actors and 2,000 actresses in the United States. It is estimated that these, with other people who depend on the theatrical profession for a living, will easily make a total of 15,000 people, who contribute to the support of at least 35,000 others, making an aggregate of 50,000 persons dependent in one way or other on the profession.

—A noval cure for hydrophobia is recommended. It is to kill the dog inflicting the bite and apply his liver to the wound. The remedy although simple, is very effective, for the dog's liver has the power of removing the poisonous matter left by the dog's teeth, thus affording almost immediate relief and perfect cure.—*Chicago Times.*

Wouldn't Tell.

The old squatter's spirit. A gentleman while driving along in a buggy came to a very muddy, not to say dangerous, place in the road. Seeing an old man sitting on a fence, he called out:

"My friend, I'm botnered here."

"So am I."

"Well, then, we are in the same boat. What's the matter with you?"

"Shot at a man."

"Why does it bother you?"

"'Cause I didn't hit him."

"Who was the man?"

"My son-in-law."

"Why did you shoot at him?"

"'Cause I stole his jug, an' I shot to keep him from shootin'."

"But, as I was saying, I am bothered here. I don't know which side of the road to take. I am afraid that my horse will mire down. Which is the best side?"

"Blamed if I know."

"Which side would you take?"

"The cheapest."

"Here, now, no fooling. I want to know which side."

"That's none of my business."

The traveler, irritated up to the danger line, drew a pistol, leveled it at the man on the fence, and said: "Jump down and show me the best road, or I'll shoot the top of your head off."

"Certainly, sir, he said, anything to oblige you. If I'd er knowed that you was in sich a earnest fit, I'd a told you early this mornin'. Why didn't you send a boy on ahead with one of these here tilegraph dispatches? You remind me of an old feller that lives over here at the bend. Nearly all of the boys say he's a good un. So you want to know the best side of the road here, and the beauty about the thing is that you are in earnest. It is only these earnest men that set the forks of the creek afire. Say, do you know Big Goose Creek forks?"

"Look here," again leveling the pistol, "I want you to hurry up and show me the best side of the road. I don't want to ruin my horse and lose my buggy. It wouldn't take a minute to tell me."

"Yes, I'm hurrying up," continuing to move around, "but you see a man's got to think these days. There was a time when a man what thought much wasn't respected in the neighborhood, and that is the reason why the folks over my way didn't care so much for my society until lately. Let me see which side, now. I don't want to make a mistake. Well, sir, up where the Big Goose Creek forks is where my father used to fish, and when I was a boy I had the dingest fight there you ever seed, but good day," and leaping the fence, and keeping a tree between himself and the traveler, he ran away. All of this unnecessary work was done to keep from saying to the right or to the left of the road.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Malapropisms.

No malapropisms are commoner than the often misused words "circumstance" and "incident," both being written in differently as signifying mere matters of fact. Whether "a circumstance" is, in any case, an allowable expression may be doubted. Circumstances stand around; and any one thing that stands around, unless it be a ring-fence or a fog, is hardly conceivable as a possibility. But the gravity of error lies in a distinction less captious. A quarrel or accident in the street is not a "circumstance;" but it may be explained or excused or accounted for by circumstances. A fire breaks out in a building and burns it to the ground. This is not an "incident;" it is a fact. If anybody were to jump out of a window, while the fire was raging, that would be properly described as an incident. And again, if the supply of water were to fail, if the turn-cock were slow or quick in coming, if the engines were early or late, any of these things would be circumstances, for they would surround the fact and modify its results. "Effluvium," with its plural, is a noun often misapplied, and yet more frequently restricted to one of its many applications. By "effluvia" is vulgarily meant evil odors, and, of course, an effluvium may be an outflow of foul air. But it may just as as well be a stream of pure water. Many writers employ the adjective "sumptuary" as if it belonged exclusively to dress, whereas it may relate to all matters of luxurious living; and if the old sumptuary laws should be revived they might reach the epicures who waste their patrimony on *pate de foie gras*, opera boxes, horses, carriages, jewels and rare wine, as well as the extravagant wearers of costly attire. "Decimate" is a verb which, with its adjective particle, "decimated," is ludicrously mistaken. Its original significance was grave and often terrible; for it meant no less than taking the tenth of a man's substance, or shooting every tenth man in a muntinous regiment, the victims being called out by lot. This appalling character of decimation lay in the likelihood that innocent persons, slain in cold blood, might suffer for the guilty. But the peculiar horror vanishes when we alter the conditions; and a regiment which has taken part in a hard fought battle and comes off the field only decimated, that is to say, with nine living and unscathed for each man left on the field, might be accounted rather fortunate than the reverse. We come now to "holocaust," the use of which noun often betrays ignorance quite as gross. Thus the dreadful loss of life by the sinking of an excursion steamboat on the Thames was recently spoken of as a "holocaust," by which remarkable misprison of etymology the Thames was set on fire indeed.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

—Pneumonia is ascribed by Dr. Hammond to living in over-heated rooms

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